Banksy
Wall and Piece



BANKSY

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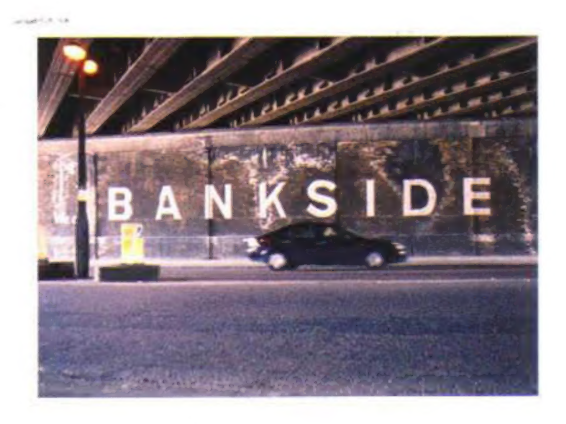
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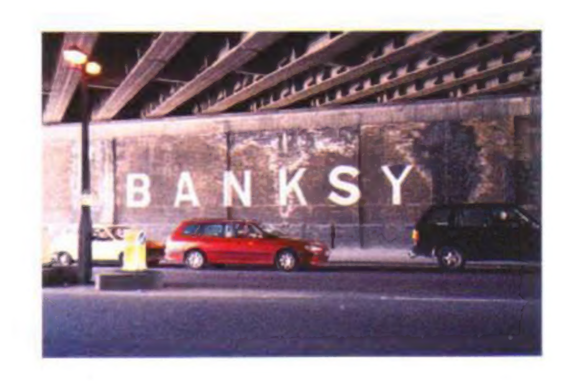

BANKSY
DRIVER CARRIES ONLY $20 WORTH OF AMMUNITION
FROM THE WEST SIDE TO THE...
EASTON ROCKERS
DEDICATED TO PURE CLASS
TOPMAN
BANKSY!
THE MILD MILD WEST...
BANKSY!
TO ADVERTISE HERE CALL 0800 BANKSY
WELCOME TO HELL!
BANKSY?


BANKSY!
PLAZA
DE LA
VERONICA
CHARGE
REST IN PEACE
BANKSY

Wall and Piece







12 minutes, Bankside, London 2001

I'm going to speak my mind, so this won't take very long.

Graffiti is not the lowest form of art. Despite having to creep about at night and lie to your mum it's actually the most honest artform available. There is no elitism or hype, it exhibits on some of the best walls a town has to offer, and nobody is put off by the price of admission.

A wall has always been the best place to publish your work.

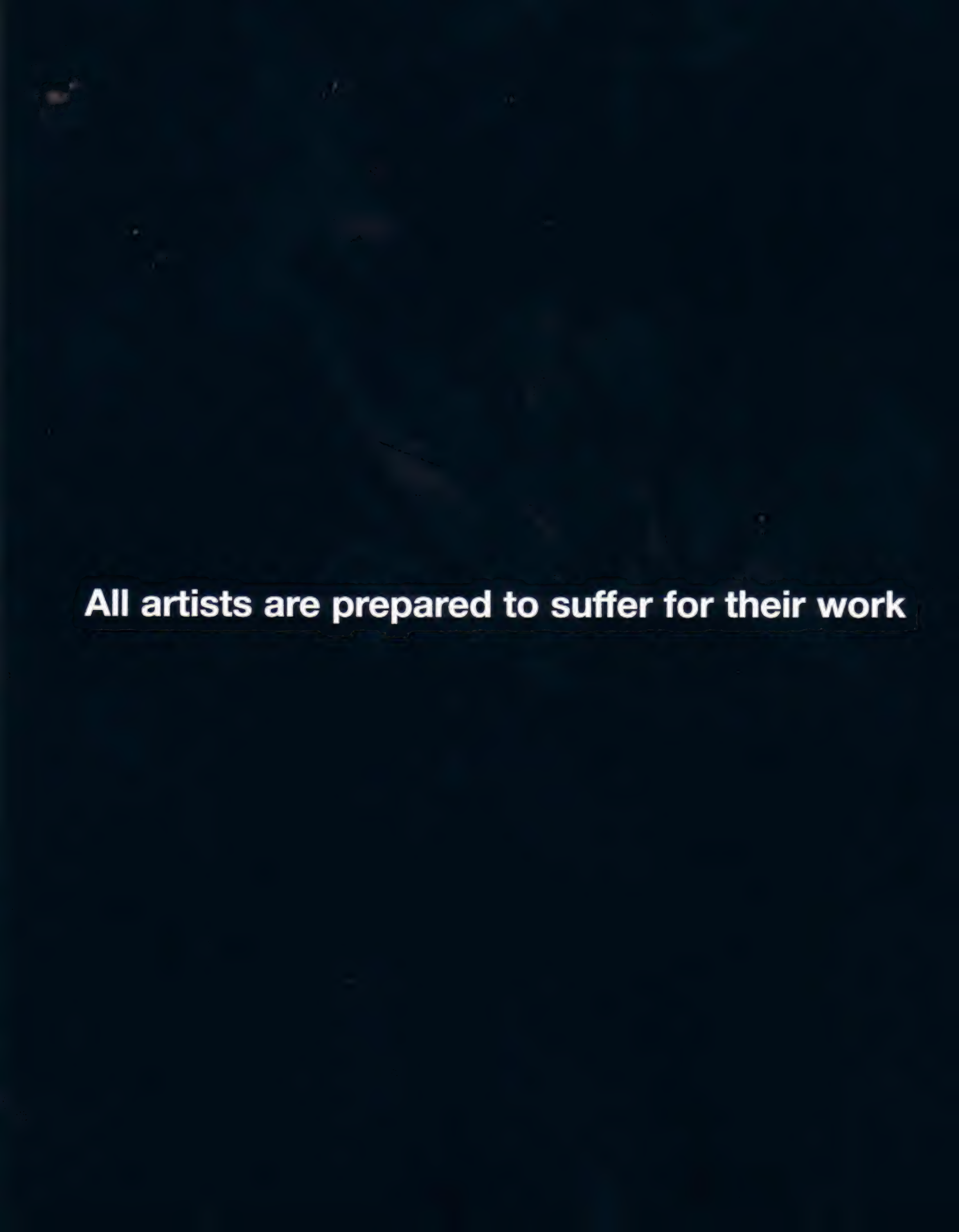
The people who run our cities don't understand graffiti because they think nothing has the right to exist unless it makes a profit. But if you just value money then your opinion is worthless.

They say graffiti frightens people and is symbolic of the decline in society, but graffiti is only dangerous in the mind of three types of people; politicians, advertising executives and graffiti writers.

The people who truly deface our neighbourhoods are the companies that scrawl their giant slogans across buildings and buses trying to make us feel inadequate unless we buy their stuff. They expect to be able to shout their message in your face from every available surface but you're never allowed to answer back. Well, they started this fight and the wall is the weapon of choice to hit them back.

Some people become cops because they want to make the world a better place. Some people become vandals because they want to make the world a better *looking* place.




All artists are prepared to suffer for their work


but why are so few prepared to learn to draw?


keep
it
real



Nobody ever listened to me until they didn't know who I was.

When I was eighteen I spent one night trying to paint 'LATE AGAIN' in big silver bubble letters on the side of a passenger train. British transport police showed up and I got ripped to shreds running away through a thorny bush. The rest of my mates made it to the car and disappeared so I spent over an hour hidden under a dumper truck with engine oil leaking all over me. As I lay there listening to the cops on the tracks I realised I had to cut my painting time in half or give up altogether. I was staring straight up at the stencilled plate on the bottom of a fuel tank when I realised I could just copy that style and make each letter three feet high.

I got home at last and crawled into bed next to my girlfriend. I told her I'd had an epiphany that night and she told me to stop taking that drug cos it's bad for your heart.

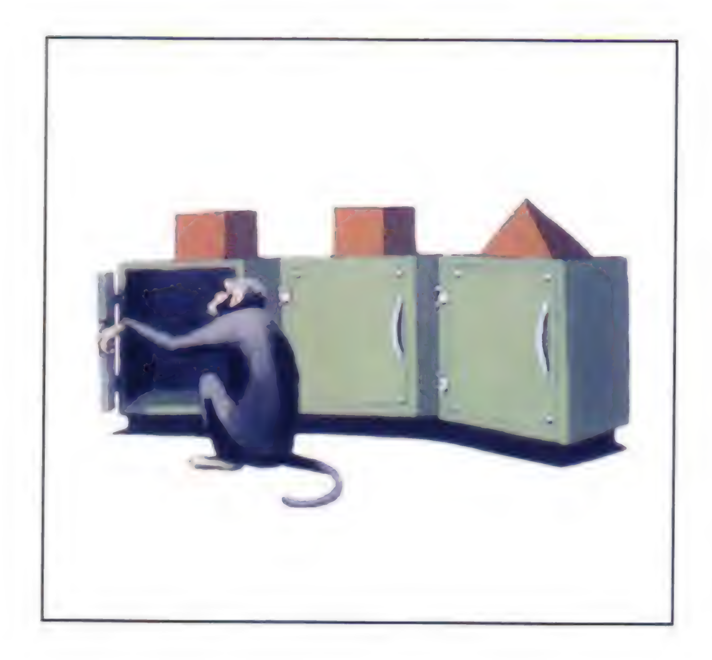


Laugh no
ut one da
we'll be
in charg



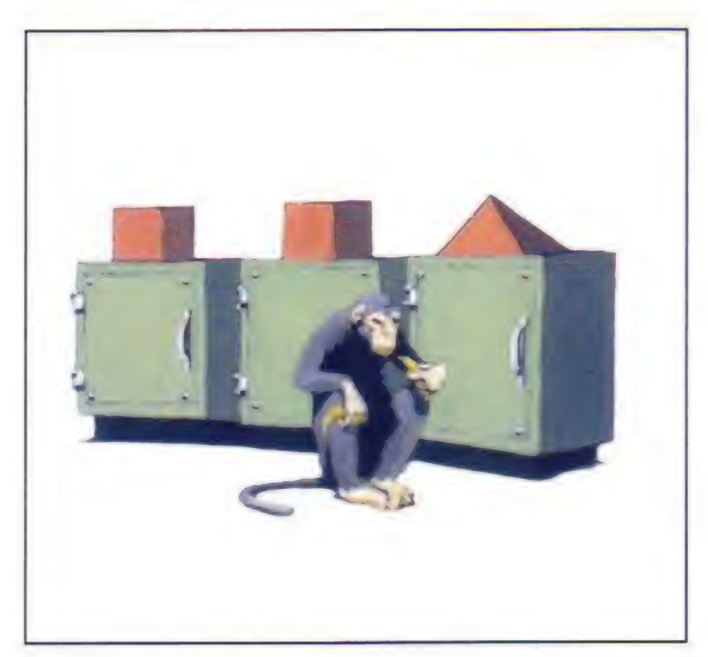
You're no safer in first class. 20 minutes, District Line, London 2002

Simple intelligence testing



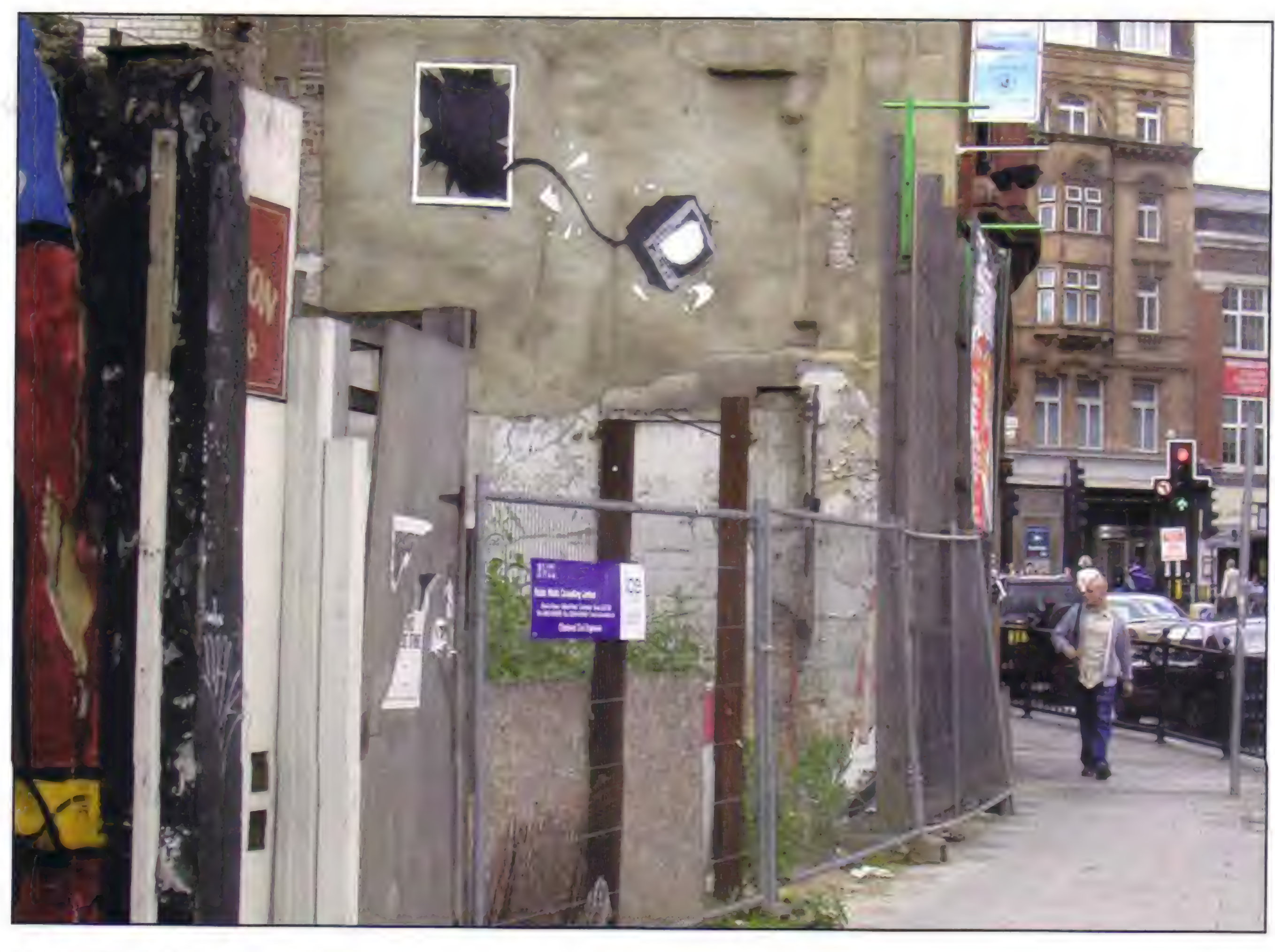








A lot of people never use their initiative because no-one told them to



Broken Window Theory

Criminologists James Q Wilson and George Kelling developed a theory of criminal behaviour in the 1980's that became known as the 'Broken Window Theory'. They argued crime was the inevitable result of disorder and that if a window in a building is smashed but not repaired people walking by will think no-one cares. Then more windows will be broken, graffiti will appear and rubbish get dumped. The likelihood of serious crime being committed then increases dramatically as neglect becomes visible. The researchers believed there was a direct link between vandalism, street violence and the general decline of society. This theory was the basis of the infamous New York City crime purge of the early nineties and the zero-tolerance attitude to graffiti.

Letter received to Banksy website

I dont know who you are or how many of you there are but i am writing to ask you to stop painting your things where we live. In particular xxxxxx road in Hackney. My brother and me were born here and have lived here all our lives but these days so many yuppies and students are moving here neither of us can afford to buy a house where we grew up anymore. Your graffities are undoubtably part of what makes these wankers think our area is cool. You're obviously not from round here and after youve driven up the house prices youll probably just move on. Do us all a favour and go do your stuff somewhere else like Brixton.

daniel (name and address not witheld)

Angel, London 2004



Naples, Brick Lane, Bristol, Paris, Berlin, Brighton, Mexico

Speak softly, but carry a big can of paint. Mona Lisa with rocket launcher. 15 minutes, Soho 2001. Later converted to Osama Bin Laden by an unknown artist. Then removed after two days.




BANKSY

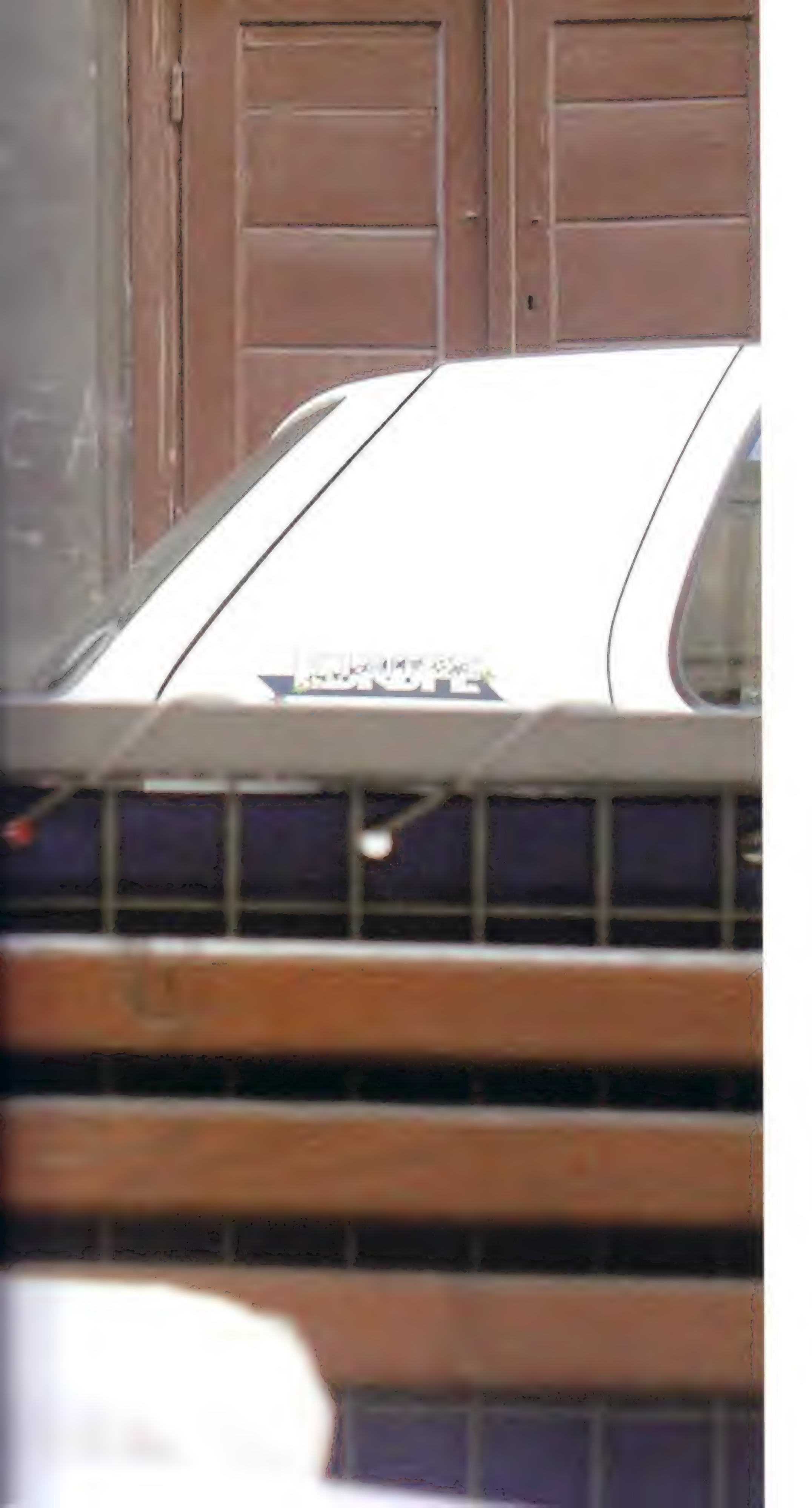


Brighton 2003



I like to think I have the guts to stand up anonymously in a western democracy and call for things no-one else believes in – like peace and justice and freedom.





Vienna 2003



Some people represent authority
without ever possessing any of their own

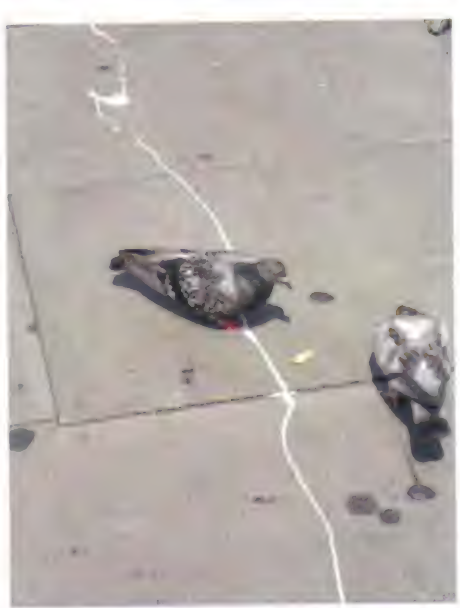

At any time
At any time
xcept Sun
1
BANKSY



There are no exceptions to the rule that everyone thinks they're an exception to the rules







London 2005



Shoreditch, London 2003. Modified face by unknown artist



Shoreditch, London 2004



Portobello Road, London 2002


At any time
4
4



Shoreditch, London 2002



Clerkenwell, London 2003


HAVE A NICEDAY
FRANCO'S FISH & CHIPS
G
Tel 0171· 253 7764
TAKEAWAY

Happy Chopper, Shoreditch 2003. Special effects supplied by deep fat fryer



This revolution is for display purposes only

On a Tuesday night in the summer I tried to paint a train bridge that spans Portobello Road in West London with posters showing the revolutionary leader Che Guevara gradually dribbling off the page. Every Saturday the market underneath the bridge sells Che Guevara t-shirts, handbags, baby bibs and button badges. I think I was trying to make a statement about the endless recycling of an icon by endlessly recycling an icon.

People seem to think if they dress like a revolutionary they don't actually have to behave like one.

I got up on the bridge about 4am. It was quiet and peaceful until two cars approached very slowly and parked on the street. I stopped pasting and watched from the side of the bridge through the bushes. After a few minutes there was no movement and I figured it was cool to carry on.

I reached the fifth poster when there was a huge bang and the sound of splitting wood. One of the cars had reversed back up the street and was on the pavement, wedged in the doorway of the mobile phone shop. Six small figures in hoods with scarves over their faces ran into the store throwing everything they could into black plastic bags. In less than a minute they were all back in their cars which screamed down Portobello Road beneath me. I stood there with my mouth hanging open, a bucket in one hand and a sawn-off sweeping brush in the other. Being the only young male in sportswear within a mile I got the feeling things would look bad for me if I hung around so I dropped the bucket, climbed the fence and jumped to the street.

The area was full of cameras so I lowered my head, pulled my hood up and ran all the way to the canal. I imagined the kids were probably in Kilburn by then, lighting up a spliff and saying to each other 'Why would someone just paint pictures of a revolutionary when you can actually behave like one instead?'



The corrupt and brutal regime of President Ceausescu of Romania was infamous across the world. His ferocious government had run the country emphatically for many years, crushing any signs of dissent ruthlessly. In November 1989 he was re-elected President for another five years as his supporters at Party Conference gave him forty standing ovations.

On December 21st the President, disturbed by a small uprising in the western city of Timisoara in support of a Protestant Clergyman, was persuaded to address a public rally in Bucharest.

One solitary man in the crowd, Nica Leon, sick to death with Ceausescu and the dreadful circumstances he created for everyone started shouting in favour of the revolutionaries in Timasoara.
The crowd around him, obedient to the last, thought that when he shouted out 'long live Timisoara!' it was some new political slogan.

They started chanting it too. It was only when he called, 'Down with Ceausescu!' that they realised something wasn't quite right. Terrified, they tried to force themselves away from him, dropping the banners they had been carrying. In the crush the wooden batons on which the banners were held began to snap underfoot and women started screaming. The ensuing panic sounded like booing.

The unthinkable was happening. Ceausescu stood there on his balcony, ludicrously frozen in uncertainty, his mouth opening and shutting. Even the official camera shook with fright. Then the head of security walked swiftly acrosss the balcony towards him and whispered, 'They're getting in'. It was clearly audible on the open microphone and was broadcast over the whole country on live national radio.

This was the start of the revolution. Within a week Ceausescu was dead.

Source: John Simpson BBC News

Bristol Fashion

Wearing your jeans two sizes too big so they hang low off your ass in a gangsta fashion was invented in Los Angeles. The kids wear clothes handed down by their brothers so the bigger the trousers, the bigger your brothers.

This makes sense until you wear your slacks this way to go fountain painting. If they get damp they tend to fall down halfway through the piece. Then you have to wait for a night bus looking like you've just pissed all over yourself. It doesn't matter how big your brothers are when drunk geezers walk past and see that.


Council House, Bristol 2001

One night I painted the side of a floating night club in Bristol. Apparently the owner quite liked it so when the harbour manager ordered it to be painted over the club threatened legal action. They never pursued it any further so I went out and hit it again in the hope I could lure the harbour manager out for a full custodial sentence this time.





Once upon a time, there was a king who ruled a great and glorious nation. Favourite amongst his subjects was the court painter of whom he was very proud. Everybody agreed this wizzened old man painted the greatest pictures in the whole kingdom and the king would spend hours each day gazing at them in wonder.

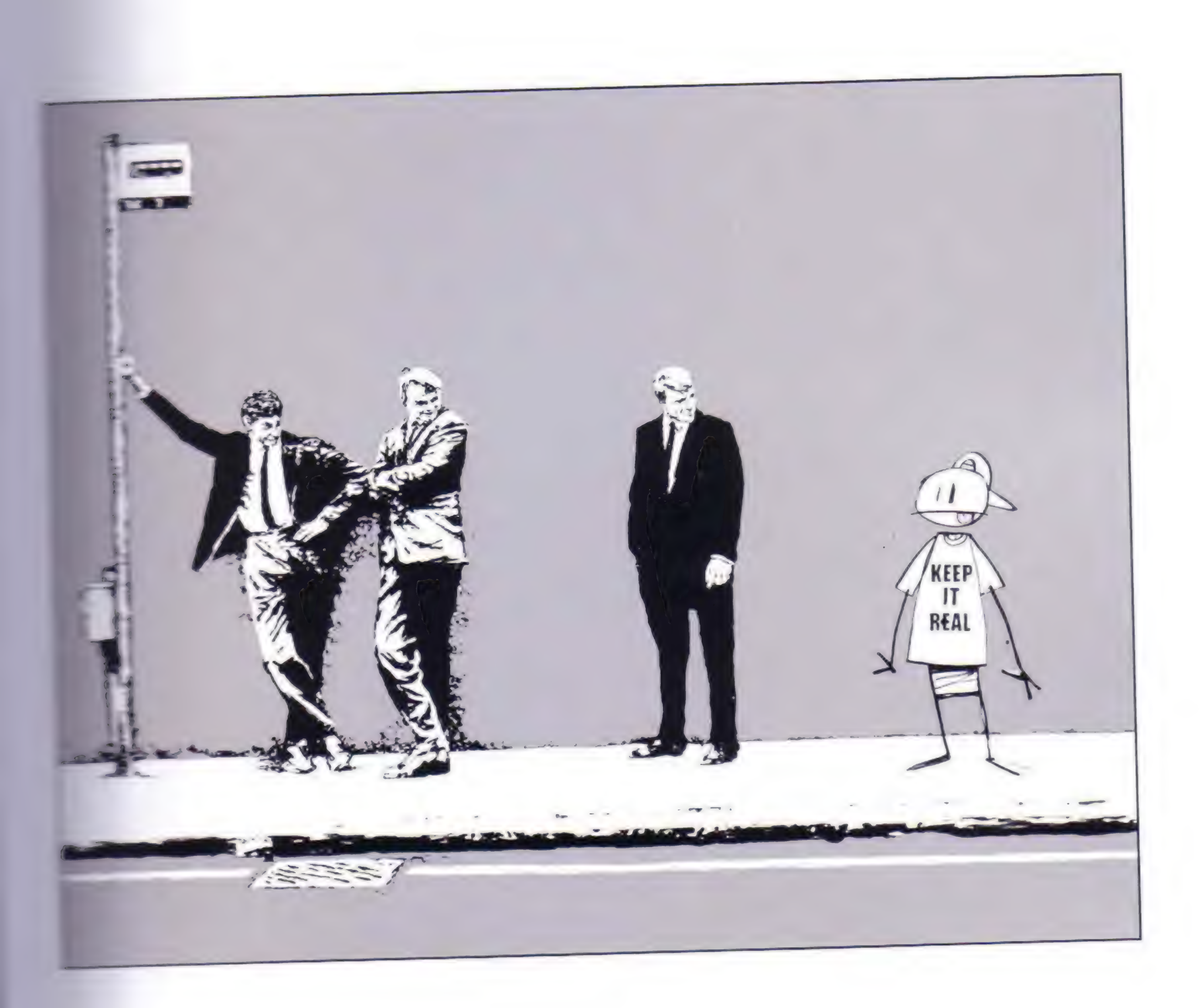
However, one day a dirty and dishevelled stranger presented himself at the court claiming that in fact *he* was the greatest painter in the land. The indignant king decreed a competition would be held between the two artists, confident it would teach the vagabond an embarrassing lesson. Within a month they were both to produce a masterpiece that would out do the other.

After thirty days of working feverishly day and night, both artists were ready. They placed their paintings, each hidden by a cloth, on easels in the great hall of the castle. As a large crowd gathered, the king ordered the cloth to be pulled first from the court artist's easel. Everyone gasped as before them was revealed a wonderful oil painting of a table set with a feast. At its centre was an ornate silver bowl full of exotic fruits glistening moistly in the dawn light. As the crowd gazed admiringly, a sparrow perched high up on the rafters of the hall swooped down and hungrily tried to snatch one of the grapes from the painted bowl only to hit the canvas and fall down dead with shock at the feet of the king.

'Aha!' exclaimed the king. 'My artist has produced a painting so wonderful it has fooled Nature herself, surely you must agree that he is the greatest painter who ever lived!' But the vagabond said nothing and stared solemnly at his feet. 'Now, pull the blanket from your painting and let us see what you have for us,' cried the king. But the tramp remained motionless and said nothing. Growing impatient, the king stepped forward and reached out to grab the blanket only to freeze in horror at the last moment.

'You see,' said the tramp quietly, 'there is no blanket covering the painting. This is actually just a painting of a cloth covering a painting. And whereas your famous artist is content to fool Nature, I've made the king of the whole country look like a clueless little twat'.

Source: man in a pub


KEEP
IT
REAL



BY ORDER
NATIONAL HIGHWAYS AGENCY

THIS WALL IS A DESIGNATED
GRAFFITI AREA

PLEASE TAKE YOUR LITTER HOME
EC REF. URBA 23/366



The greatest crimes in the world are not committed by people breaking the rules but by people following the rules. It's people who follow orders that drop bombs and massacre villages.

As a precaution to ever committing major acts of evil it is our solemn duty never to do what we're told, this is the only way we can be sure.



Day 1



Day 9



Day 15

email received to banksy website

I was one of the writers that fell for your 'legal' graffiti site thingy-ma-bob on marylebone street next to edgeware rd. i write AMBS SDF. i was there with gasp zeal and haze when we pieced it. you know we got nicked for it at the end of the day when we had finished by an undercover fed, but he let us go because before we had started we asked at the fed station across the road if it realy was legal and they said it was cool. anyway it was all good at the end and we got some nice pieces in a fuckin bait plot. mail me back if you want, anyway....... peace!


BAYSWATER
ROAD W2
GRAFFITI AREA

Day 1


BAYSWATER
ROAD W2
IHR WERDET
Day 18



Day 1

First attempt (complete with incorrect spelling of graffiti and a crest taken off a fag packet).



Day 25



Day 34



On Tuesday I went round San Francisco in the middle of the day dressed in overalls designating parts of it as legal graffiti areas.

By Friday a lot had been modified by city workers who simply removed the offending part with a lick of paint.

POST NO BILLS

CITY OF SF NO LOITERING



Hackney, London 2004



Four minutes, Trafalgar Square, London 2003



A recent survey of North American males found 42% were overweight, 34% were critically obese and 8% ate the survey.

Venice Beach, California 2003



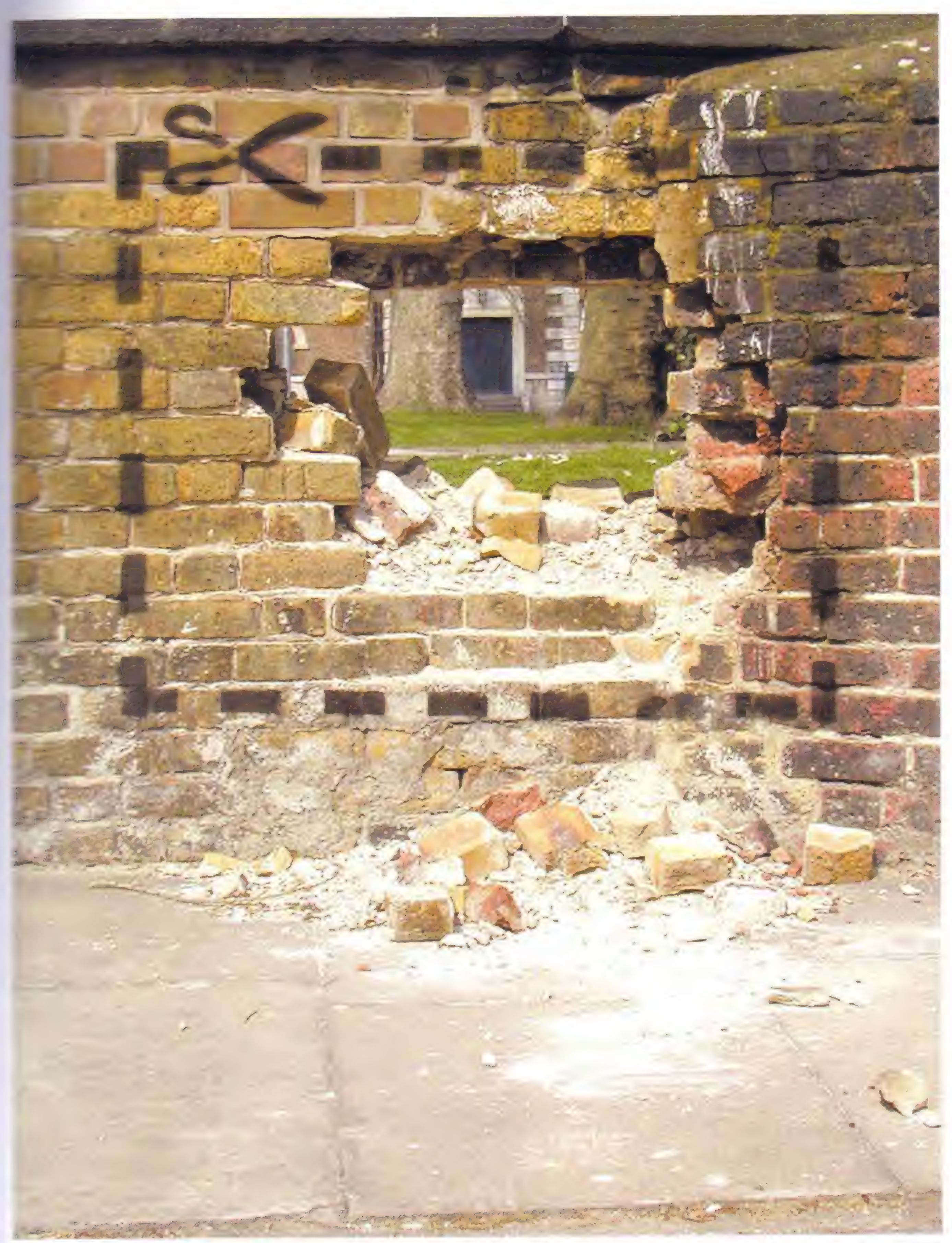
Millenium Bridge, London 2002




CUT OUT AND COLLECT







Bethnal Green, London 2002



Brighton Beach 2004



Weston Super Mare 2003



Barcelona 2003



Soho. London 2004

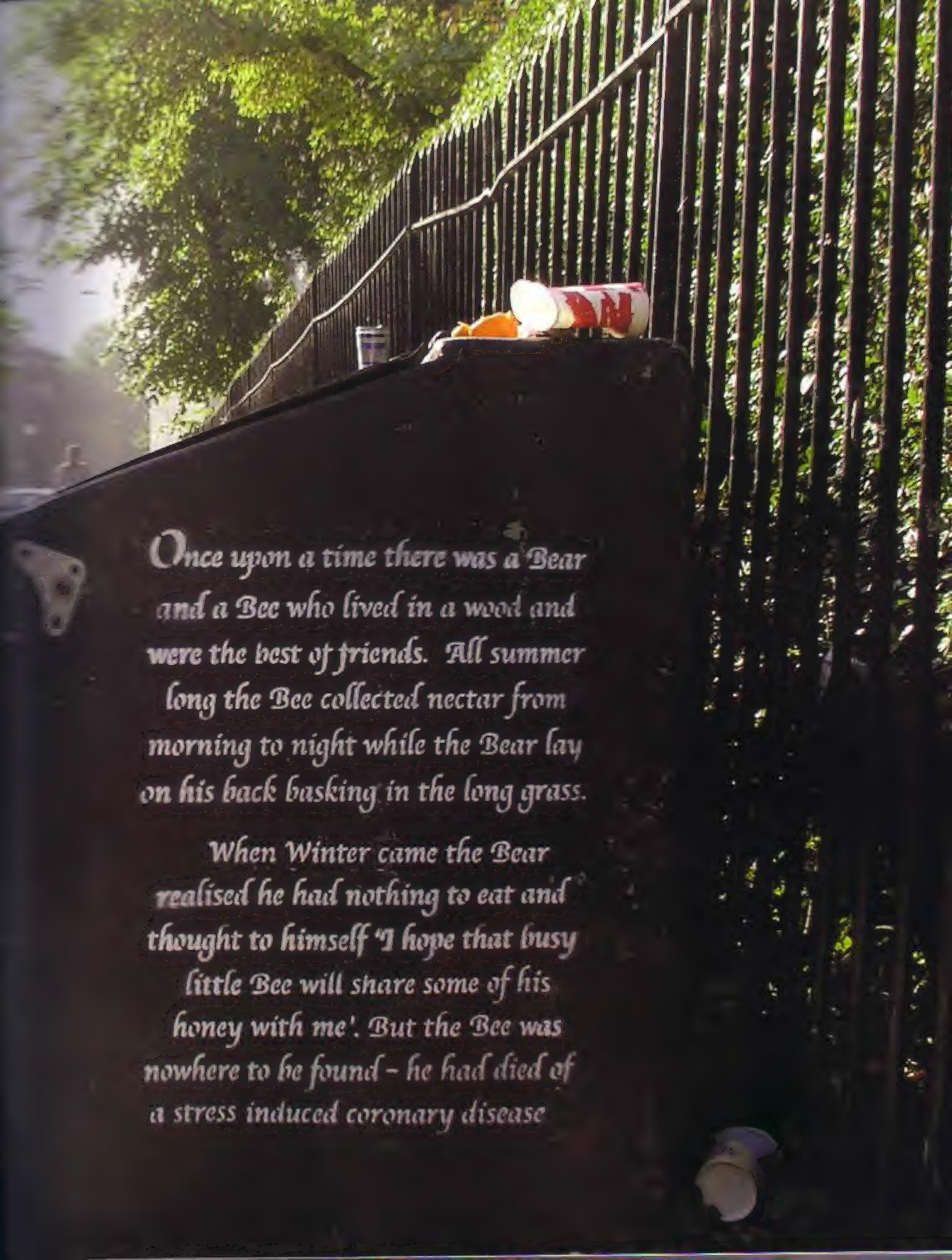


Southbank, London 2004

When the time comes to leave, just walk away quietly and don't make any fuss



Notting Hill, London 2005


Once upon a time there was a Bear
and a Bee who lived in a wood and
were the best of friends. All summer
long the Bee collected nectar from
morning to night while the Bear lay
on his back basking in the long grass.
When Winter came the Bear
realised he had nothing to eat and
thought to himself 'I hope that busy
little Bee will share some of his
honey with me'. But the Bee was
nowhere to be found – he had died of
a stress induced coronary disease



Liverpool 2004



Brick Lane, London 2005



Nothing dispels enthusiasm like a small admission fee. Garage wall in Highbury 2004



Tate Gallery, London 2002

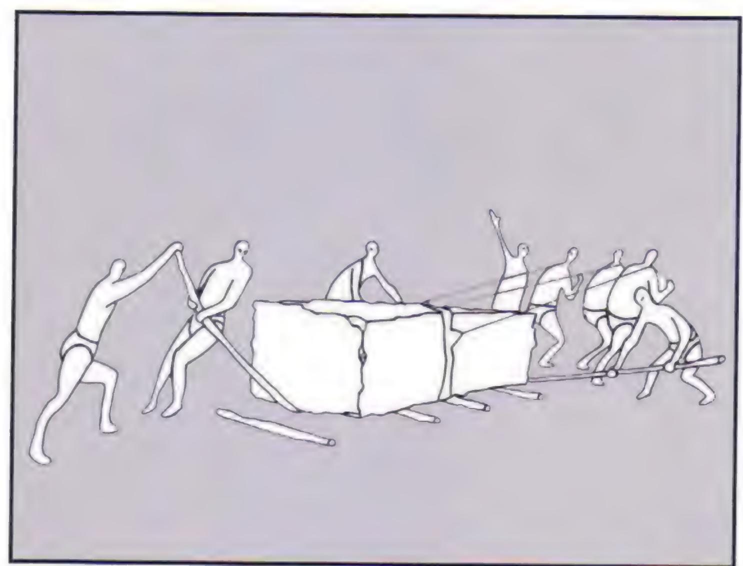


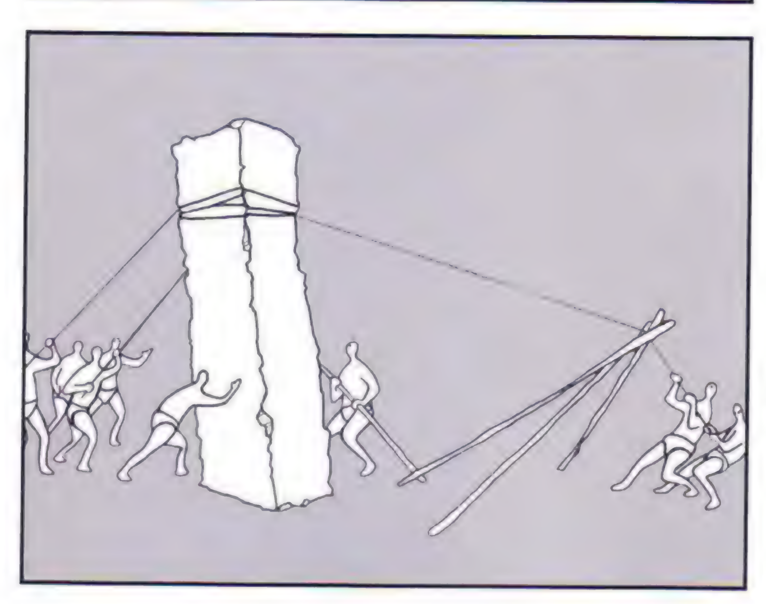


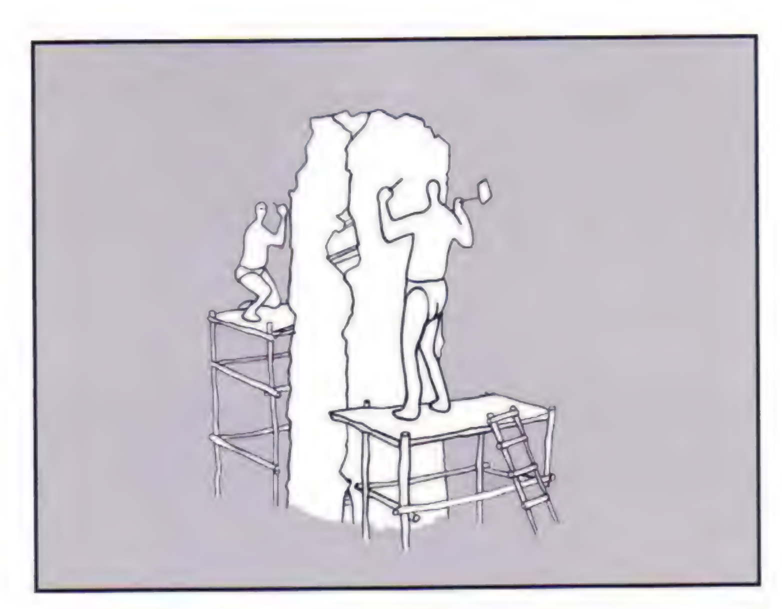
Marble Arch, London 2004

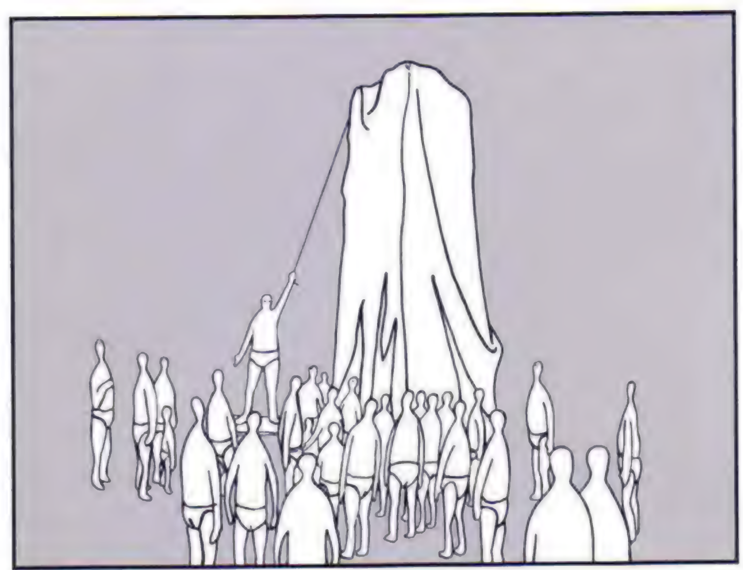


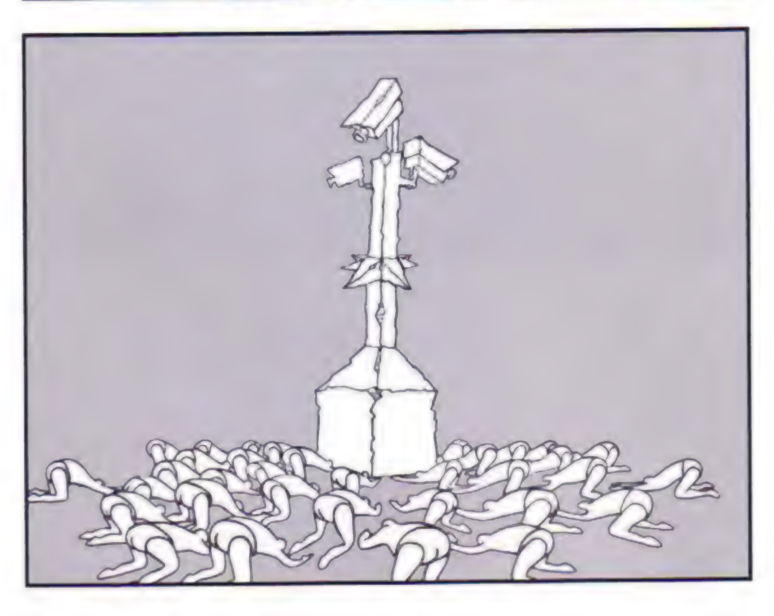














Manchester 2002



'Art is all about finding the paint-job that turned the donkey into the zebra' an old man on a cider farm told me.
Quarry at Dead Woman's Bottom, Somerset 2004



Painting something that defies the law of the land is good. Painting something that defies the law of the land and the law of gravity at the same time is ideal.

Hackney, London 2003



BECAUSE I'M
WORTHLESS



They exist without permission. They are hated, hunted and persecuted. They live in quiet desperation amongst the filth. And yet they are capable of bringing entire civilsations to their knees.

If you are dirty, insignificant and unloved then rats are the ultimate role model.


WARNING
ANTI-CLIMB
PAINT



Imagine a city where graffiti wasn't illegal, a city where everybody could draw wherever they liked. Where every street was awash with a million colours and little phrases. Where standing at a bus stop was never boring. A city that felt like a party where everyone was invited, not just the estate agents and barons of big business. Imagine a city like that and stop leaning against the wall – it's wet.


Is someone bothering you?
0800 40 50 40
ITS NOT A RACE
NO BALL GAMES
KILL
WC2
WESTMINSTER



go back to bed
keep music evil
welcome to hell!
This box contains documents of no value
1201-1209
FRONT WALK
BY PERMIT
ONLY
ALL OTHERS WILL BE TOWED
BEWARE
ANTI -
VANDAL PAINT



I'd been painting rats for three years before someone said 'that's clever it's an anagram of art' and I had to pretend I'd known that all along.





You can win the rat race but you're still a rat.

The human race is an unfair and stupid competition. A lot of the runners don't even get decent sneakers or clean drinking water.

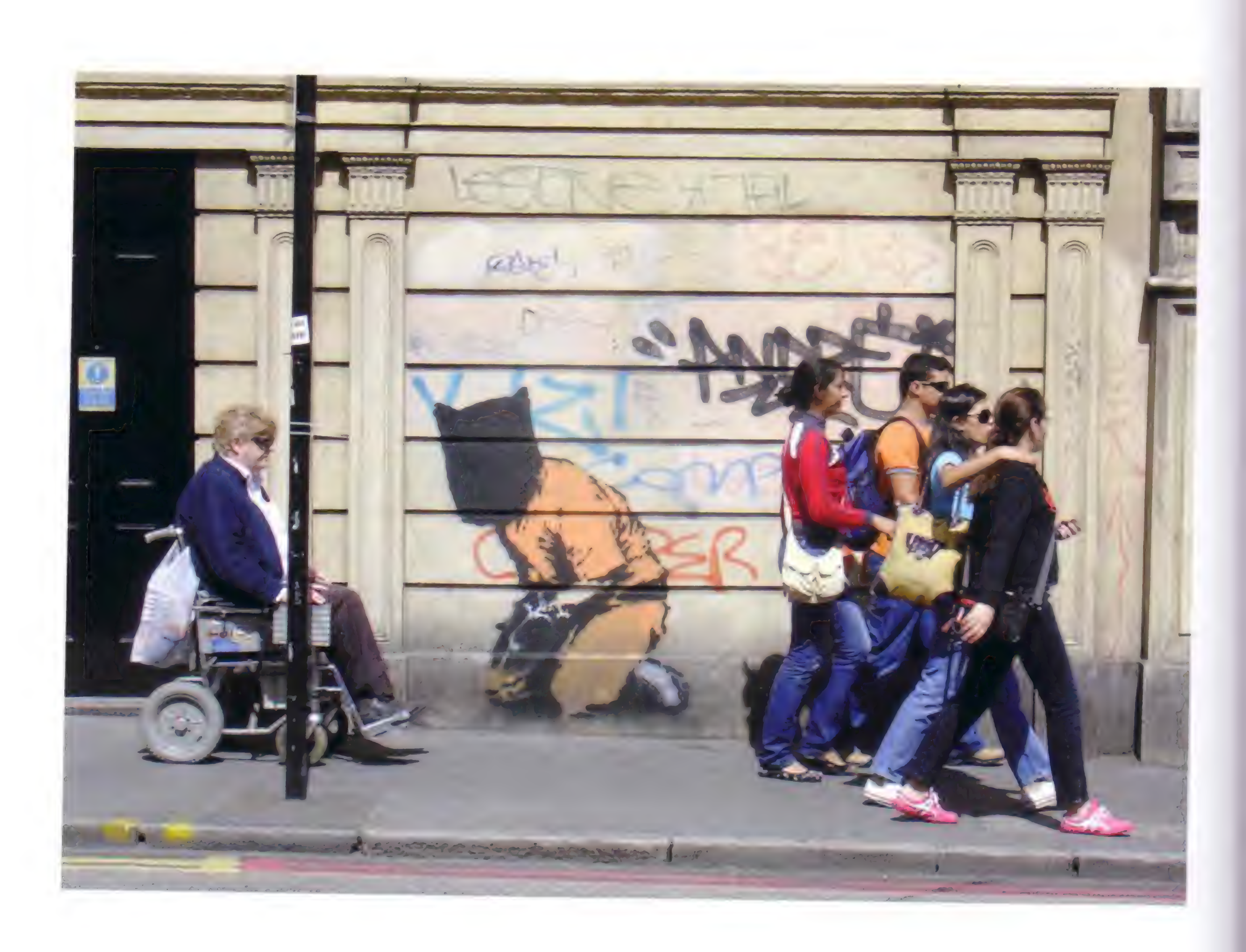
Some runners are born with a massive head start, every possible help along the way and still the referees seem to be on their side.

It's not surprising a lot of people have given up competing altogether and gone to sit in the grandstand, eat junk food and shout abuse.

What we need in this race is a lot more streakers.

The Ritz, Picadilly 2005





Angel, London 2005

When I was nine years old I was expelled from school. It was punishment for swinging one of my classmates round and round before dropping him onto a concrete floor. He was taken away from school by an ambulance that had to pull right into the playground and pick him up on a stretcher.

The next day I was made to stand in front of the whole school at assembly while the headmaster gave a speech about good and evil before I was sent home in disgrace.

The unfortunate part is that I never actually touched the kid. It was my best friend Jimmy who had put him into casualty. Me and a boy called Martin watched Jimmy grab the kid's hand and swing him until he was too dizzy to stand up and when he let go the kid just seemed to fly off and land on his head. It wasn't even malicious, just stupid. However, Jim was a big chap for his age and could be very persuasive. So when we noticed the kid wasn't getting up Jim convinced Martin to say that it was me who had done it. The only other witness was the kid himself who didn't regain conciousness for a week.

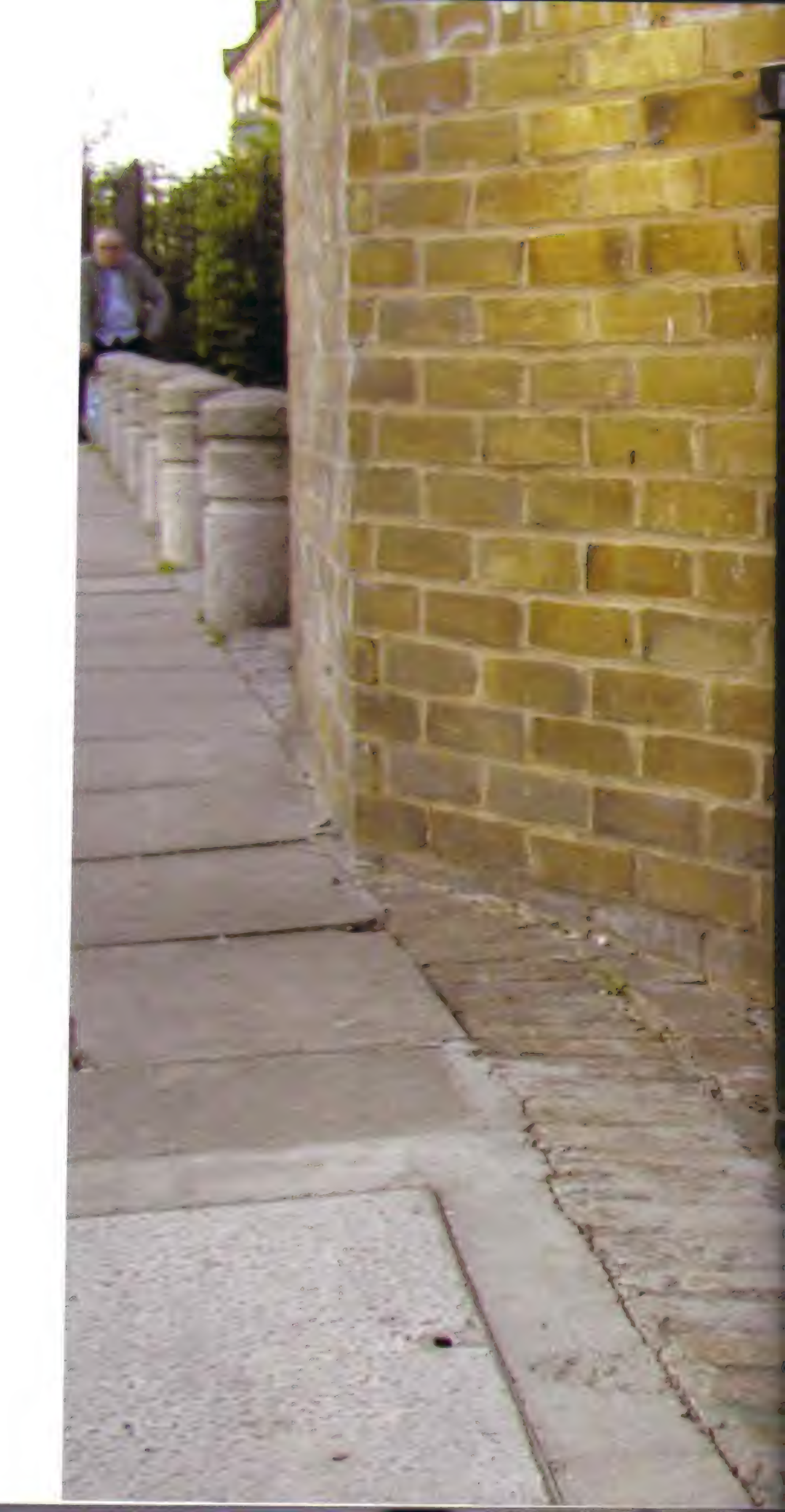
I tried many times to explain that I hadn't done it, but the boys stuck to their story. Eventually my mum turned to me and said bitterly that I should have the guts to admit when I was wrong and that it was even more disgusting when I refused to accept what I'd done.

So I shut up after that.

The kid sustained a fractured skull and some mental problems. He couldn't remember how it had happened and he didn't return to school for a long time.

I think I was lucky to learn so young that there's no point in behaving yourself. You'll be punished for something you never did anyway. People get it wrong all the time.

Anyone who believes in capital punishment should be shot.



West London 2002





Cashpoint with Di-Faced Tenners, Farringdon, London 2005


£10
£10
Banksy of England
I PROMISE TO PAY THE BEARER ON DEMAND THE ULTIMATE PRICE
TEN
Pounds
CA 0364
TRUST NO ONE

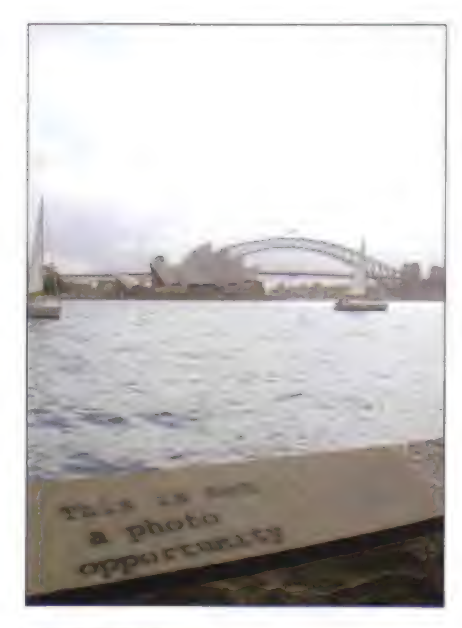


Conversations don't get any better as you get older

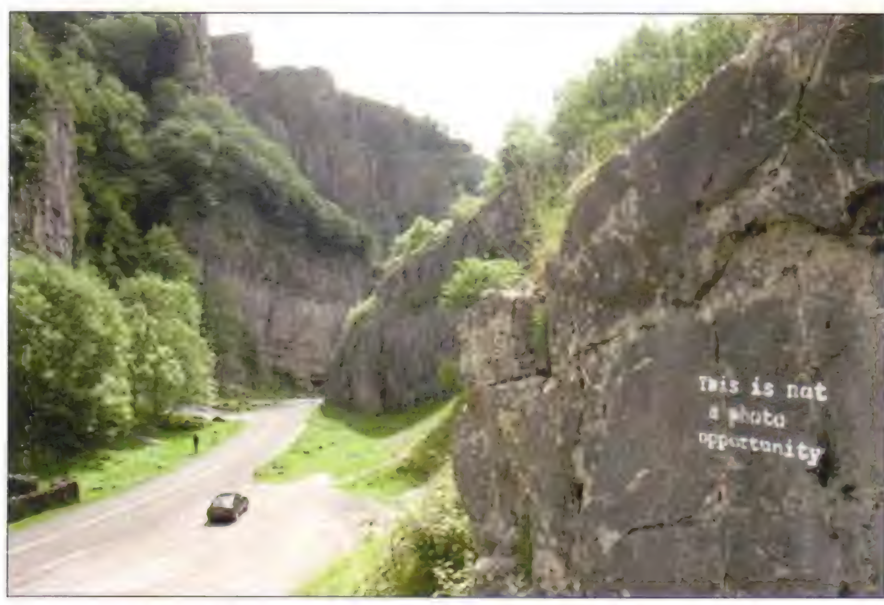
Deptford, London 2004



Columbia Road, London 2004







Tourism is not a spectator sport. Sydney, Paris, Cheddar







It's the middle of the night and we're on the bridge facing Shoreditch police station, home to the SO19 firearms unit, painting a seventy foot wide bank of riot cops brandishing shooters with smiley faces. In a window of an office overlooking the bridge is a bloke working at a computer so we have to work quietly.

After twenty minutes we've reached the part of the bridge very near the offices and I realise the bloke is at the window, cupping his hands to his eyes and squinting out. He's clocked what's going and opens the window shouting 'Hey, Hey!' I wonder if he works for the magistrates court attached to the police station and start to pack up the kit.

'I want a word with you' he shouts through the gap in the window 'About what?' I say, collapsing the brush and stepping back, we're nearly ready to roll.

There's a pause. 'Well, you see, I'm making a documentary about street culture and I'd like you to be in it...' We burst out laughing and shout in unison 'Fucking Shoreditch,' finish the piece and leave before he has a chance to get his camera out.


ANOTHER CRAP ADVERT
55
Oxford Circus
Stagecoach
VOLVO
G287 XOR
LX03 BXL

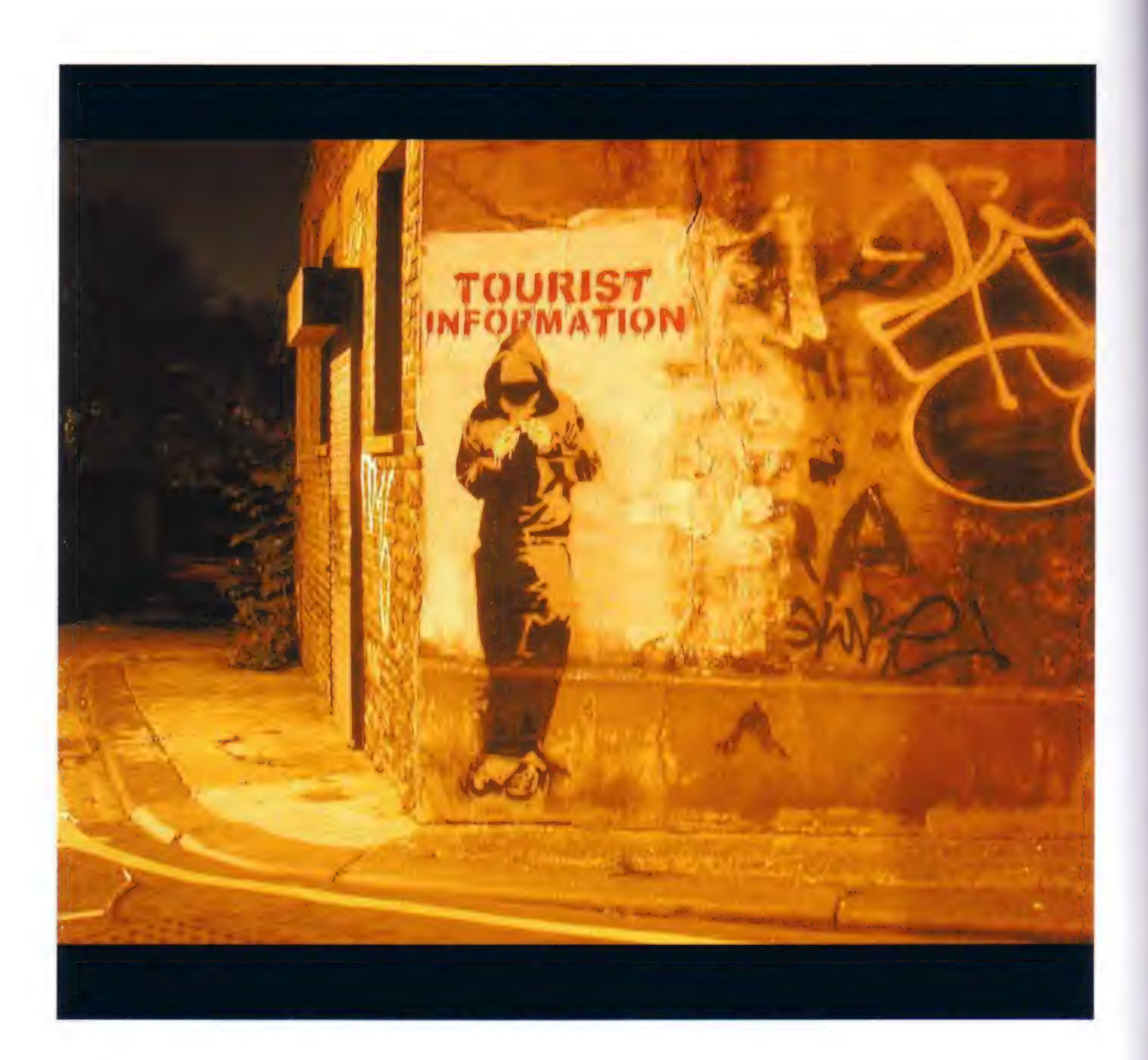


Policemen and security guards wear hats with a peak that comes down low over their eyes. Apparently this is for psychological reasons. Eyebrows are very expressive and you appear a lot more authoritative if you keep them covered up.

The advantage of this is that it makes it a lot harder for cops to see anything more than six foot off the ground. Which is why painting rooftops and bridges is so easy.

Murder Mile, Hackney, London 2003


BANKSY
Police
enforcement
cameras
JOHNS



Hackney, London 2004



Archway, London 2004


ALL THE FUN IS HAPPENING SOMEWHERE ELSE
FISH
PUNK ROCK
THUG
LIFE



Holborn, London 2004



Segregation Wall, Palestine

Palestine has been occupied by the Israeli army since 1967. In 2002 the Israeli government began building a wall separating the occupied territories from Israel, much of it illegal under international law. It is controlled by a series of checkpoints and observation towers, stands three times the height of the Berlin wall and will eventually run for over 700km – the distance from London to Zurich. Palestine is now the world's largest open-air prison and the ultimate activity holiday destination for graffiti artists.





Bethlehem 2005

My guide *You could paint here – there are no guards in the watch towers, they do not come until the winter.*

Me *(Returning to the car after painting for 25 minutes) What's so funny?*

Guide *(Lauging hysterically) Of course the guards are in the towers, they have the snipers with the walkie-talkies.*





35 minutes in two visits. Ramallah checkpoint.



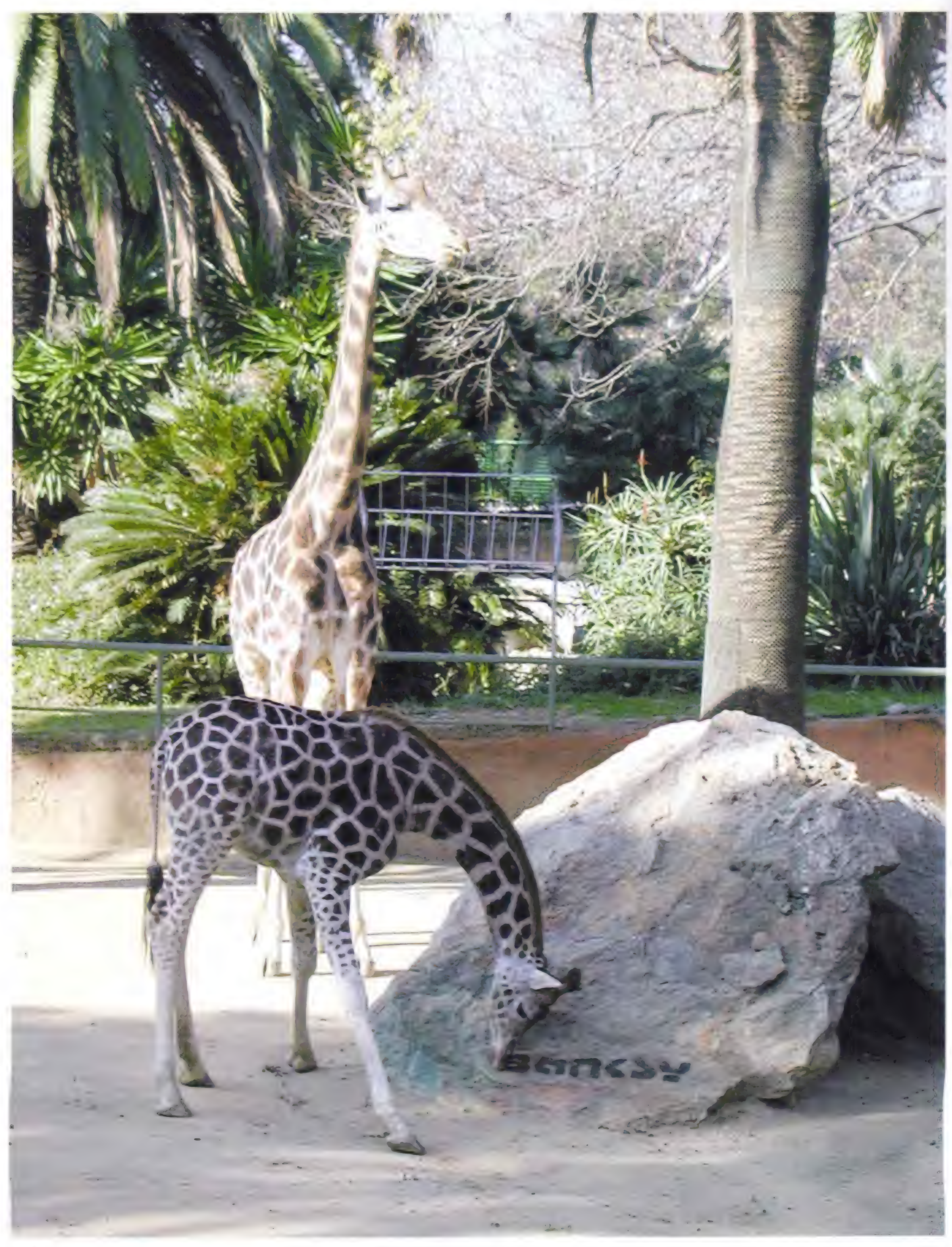


Old man	*You paint the wall, you make it look beautiful*
Me	*Thanks*
Old man	*We don't want it to be beautiful, we hate this wall, go home*

Bethlehem checkpoint



Abu Dis


BANKSY

Zoo painting

I jumped the fence into central park, Barcelona, at three o'clock in the morning but didn't realise the park which houses the zoo is also home to the Catalan parliament. Its exceptionally well lit and patrolled by Guardia Civil in high-powered jeeps.

I was creeping across the edge of the park when a patrol took me by surprise and I dived into the shrubbery a bit too late.

The jeep pulled to a stop and didn't move for a long time. In my mind I was forming a story about how I was a penniless traveller with no hotel room sleeping rough in the park, and that I always carried 12 cans of spraypaint, a climbing rope and stencils with me. Then I heard footsteps approaching from the fence directly behind me

The fear was properly on me as I held my breath, parted the ivy leaves, and came eyeball to eyeball with an enormous fucking kangaroo.

I tried to relax by staring out the marsupial and after a few minutes the Guardia jeep started up and drove away across the park. Within five minutes I had climbed both fences and was inside the zoo.

British zoos have pictures of the animals on a board at the front of each enclosure. Barcelona Zoo doesn't do this so I was taking extra care before entering each pen. I was moving at speed putting up tags on the penguin, giraffe, bison and gazelle enclosures before reaching my ultimate destination – the elephant house.

A Spanish kid had translated 'Laugh now but one day we'll be in charge' for me on a small piece of paper. I got the paint out ready to write this in three foot high animal-like handwriting across the back wall, only to find I no longer had the piece of paper. Crouching next to a huge pile of dung my mind froze up. I can order lager in Spanish but not much else. I couldn't even think of how you would write 'Help us' in any language other than English but that seemed a bit rude. I checked my watch for the fifteenth time and then figured this was my best option – ticking off the time in classic jailhouse style ||||/ ||||/ ||||/ ||||/.

I weighed in five cans of fat black, scrawling this over every available surface of the entire enclosure. Then crept away quietly.

By the time I got up the following afternoon I didn't get any photos of the elephant enclosure. Emergency cleaners had been working hard on it and covered up the rest with plastic sheeting. It's frustrating when the only people with good photos of your work are the police department.




GIVE WAY
150 yds


TURF
WAR
Banksy

Hick Hop

If you grow up in a town where they don't have subway trains you have to find something else to graffiti.

It's not as easy as it sounds because most subway train drivers don't wander around with shotguns.






WILD
STYLE!


Fuck
PIGS





Vandalised oil paintings

If you want to survive as a graffiti writer when you go indoors your only option is to carry on painting over things that don't belong to you there either.



Original artists unknown





Silent Night 2004

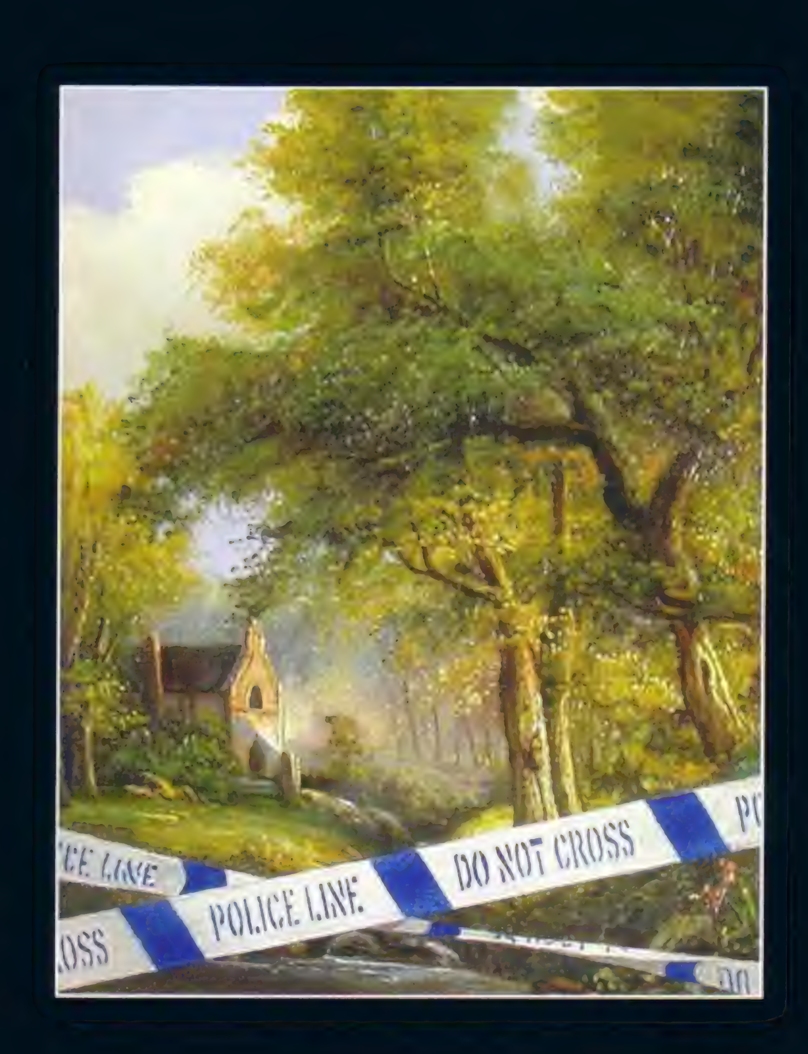




Show me the Monet


METROPOLITAN POLICE
WE ARE APPEALING FOR WITNESSES
CAN YOU HELP US?
INCIDENT
WERE YOU IN THE AREA BETWEEN 2am - 3am
ON FRIDAY 24th SEPTEMBER 04. IF SO
CONTACT THE POLICE STATION ON THE
NUMBERS SHOWN BELOW
In strictest confidence please phone
020 8649 2477/8
DID YOU SEE OR HEAR ANYTHING?
PLEASE CALL US
On the number above or at your local police station
or ring CRIMESTOPPERS




DO NOT CROSS
POLICE LINE

'Crimewatch UK has ruined the
countryside for all of us'
2003 Oil on canvas

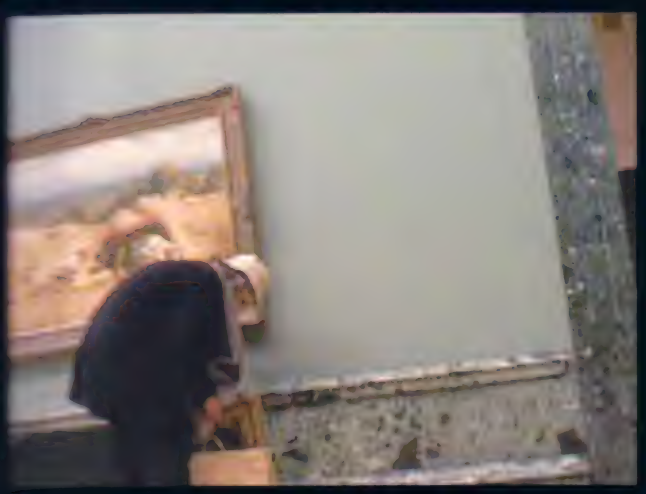
This new acquisition is a beautiful example of the neo post-idiotic style. The Artist has found an unsigned oil painting in a London street market and then stenciled Police incident tape over the top. It can be argued that defacing such an idyllic scene reflects the way our nation has been vandalised by its obsession with crime and paedophilia, where any visit to a secluded beauty spot now feels like it may result in being molested or finding discarded body parts.

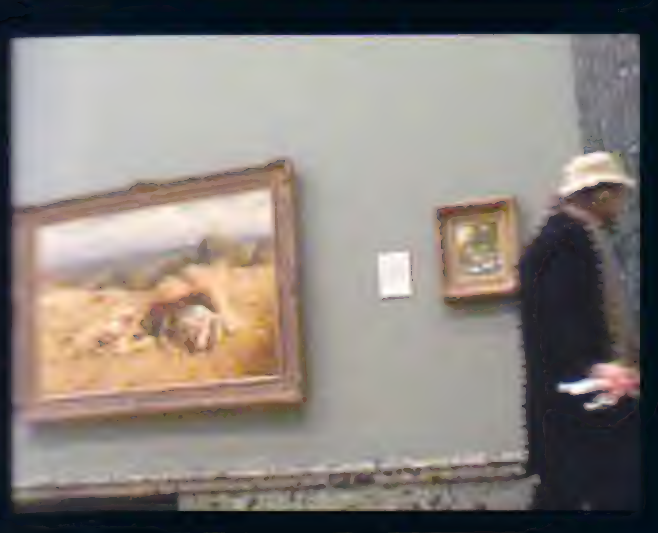
Presented by the artist personally 2003

From the Tate Gallery collection

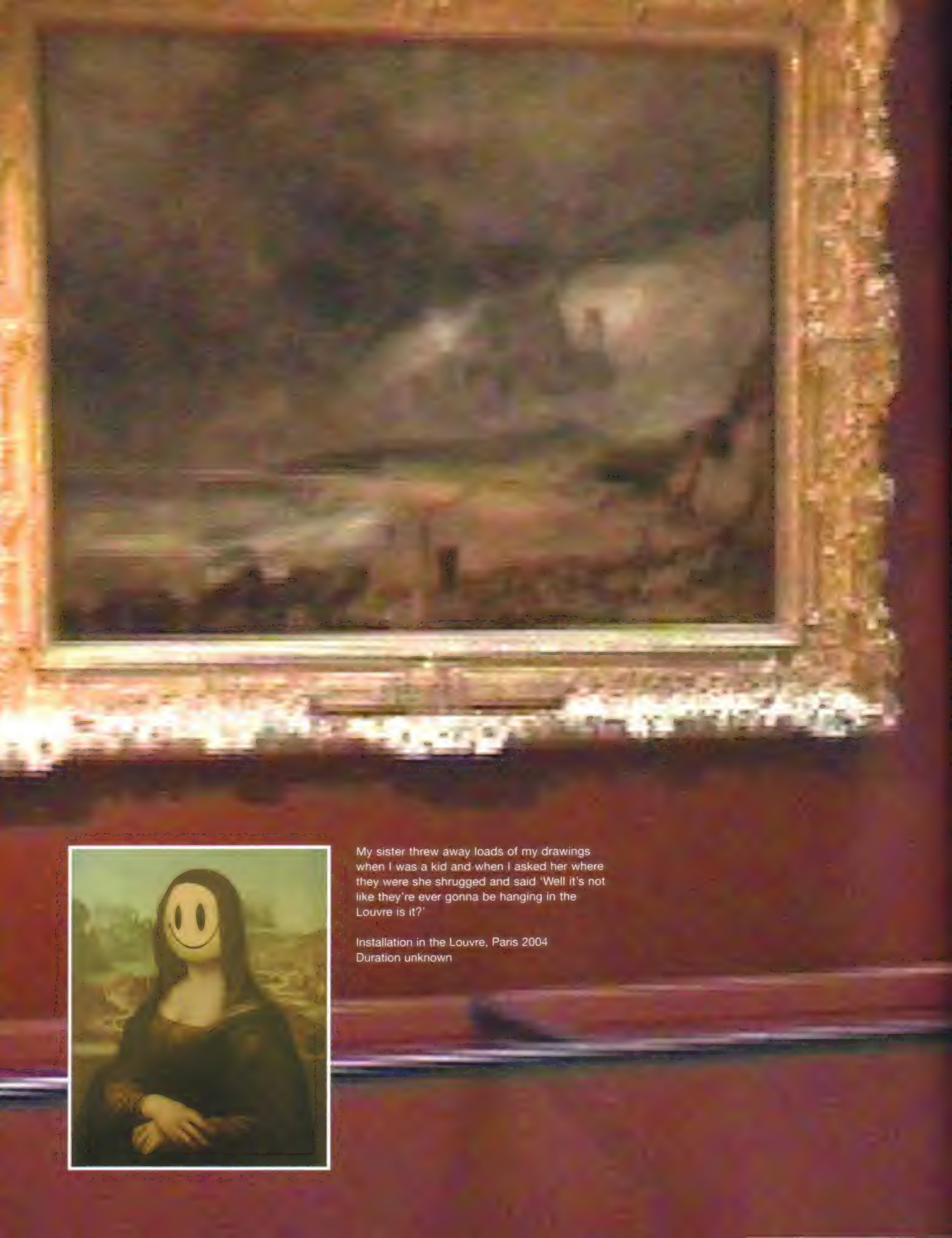
Making an exhibition of yourself








Tate Gallery, London. Duration 2½ hours



My sister threw away loads of my drawings when I was a kid and when I asked her where they were she shrugged and said 'Well it's not like they're ever gonna be hanging in the Louvre is it?'

Installation in the Louvre, Paris 2004
Duration unknown





Become good at cheating and you never need to become good at anything else





Art is not like other culture because its success is not made by its audience. The public fill concert halls and cinemas every day, we read novels by the millions and buy records by the billions. We the people, affect the making and the quality of most of our culture, but not our art.

The Art we look at is made by only a select few. A small group create, promote, purchase, exhibit and decide the success of Art. Only a few hundred people in the world have any real say. When you go to an Art gallery you are simply a tourist looking at the trophy cabinet of a few millionaires.



Modified canvas, installed (with prosthetic nose and beard). New York Metropolitan Museum 2005. Lasted 2 hours





Original artist unknown. Modified oil painitng installed Brooklyn Museum 2005. Lasted 8 days



After sticking up the picture I took five minutes to watch what happened next. A sea of people walked up, stared and left looking confused and slightly cheated. I felt like a true modern artist.



Discount Soup Can. Museum of Modern Art, New York. Lasted 6 days





Harlequin beetle with airfix weapons. Natural History Museum, New York. Lasted 12 days





Pest Control

Recently discovered specimens of the common sewer rat have shown some remarkable new characteristics.

Attributed to an increase in junk food waste, ambient radiation and hardcore urban rap music these creatures have evolved at an unprecedented rate. Termed the Banksus Militus Vandalus they are impervious to all modern methods of pest control and mark their territory with a series of elaborate signs.

Professor B. Langford of University College London states "You can laugh now... but one day they may be in charge."

Dead rat with spray can, 2004. Natural History Museum, London. Lasted 2 hours. A second specimen remains in the collection



TV has made going to the theatre seem pointless, photography has pretty much killed painting, but graffiti remains gloriously unspoilt by progress.

Wall art
East London

This finely preserved example of primitive art dates from the Post-Catatonic era and is thought to depict early man venturing towards the out-of-town hunting grounds. The artist responsible is known to have created a substantial body of work across the South East of England under the moniker Banksymus Maximus but little else is known about him. Most art of this type has unfortunately not survived. The majority is destroyed by zealous municipal officials who fail to recognise the artistic merit and historical value of daubing on walls.

PRB 17752.2-2.1

Rock with marker pen. British Museum, London. Lasted 8 days. Now in permanent collection





Sometimes I feel so sick at the state of the world I can't even finish my second apple pie


BURGER KING



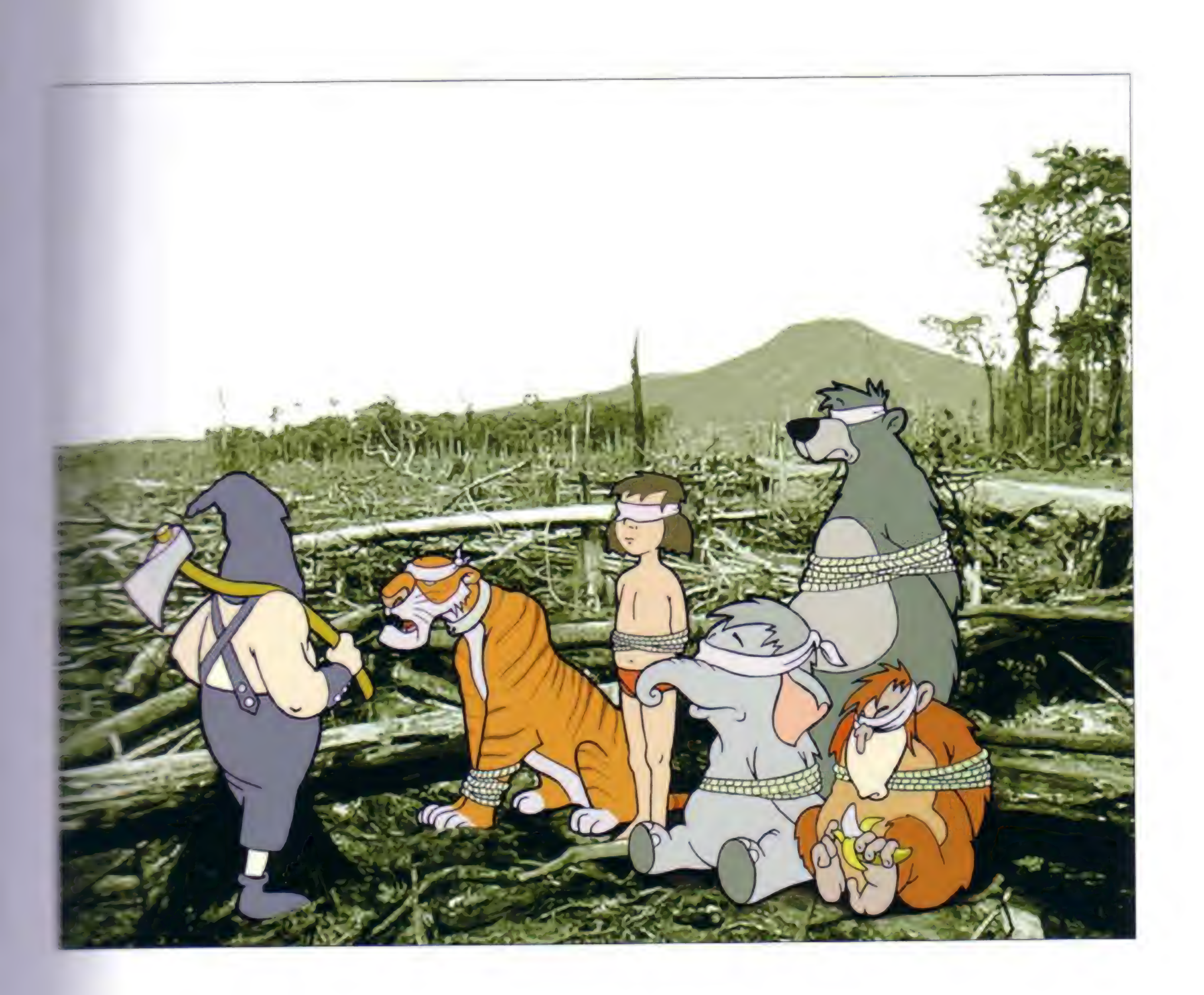
Brandalism

People abuse you everyday. They butt into your life, take a cheap shot at you and then disappear. They leer at you from tall buildings and make you feel small. They make flippant comments from buses that imply you're not sexy enough and that all the fun is happening somewhere else. They're on TV making your girlfriend feel inadequate. They have access to the most sophisticated technology the world has ever seen and they bully you with it. They are The Advertisers and they are laughing at you.

However, you are forbidden to touch them. Trademarks, intellectual property rights and copyright law mean advertisers can say what they like wherever they like with impunity.

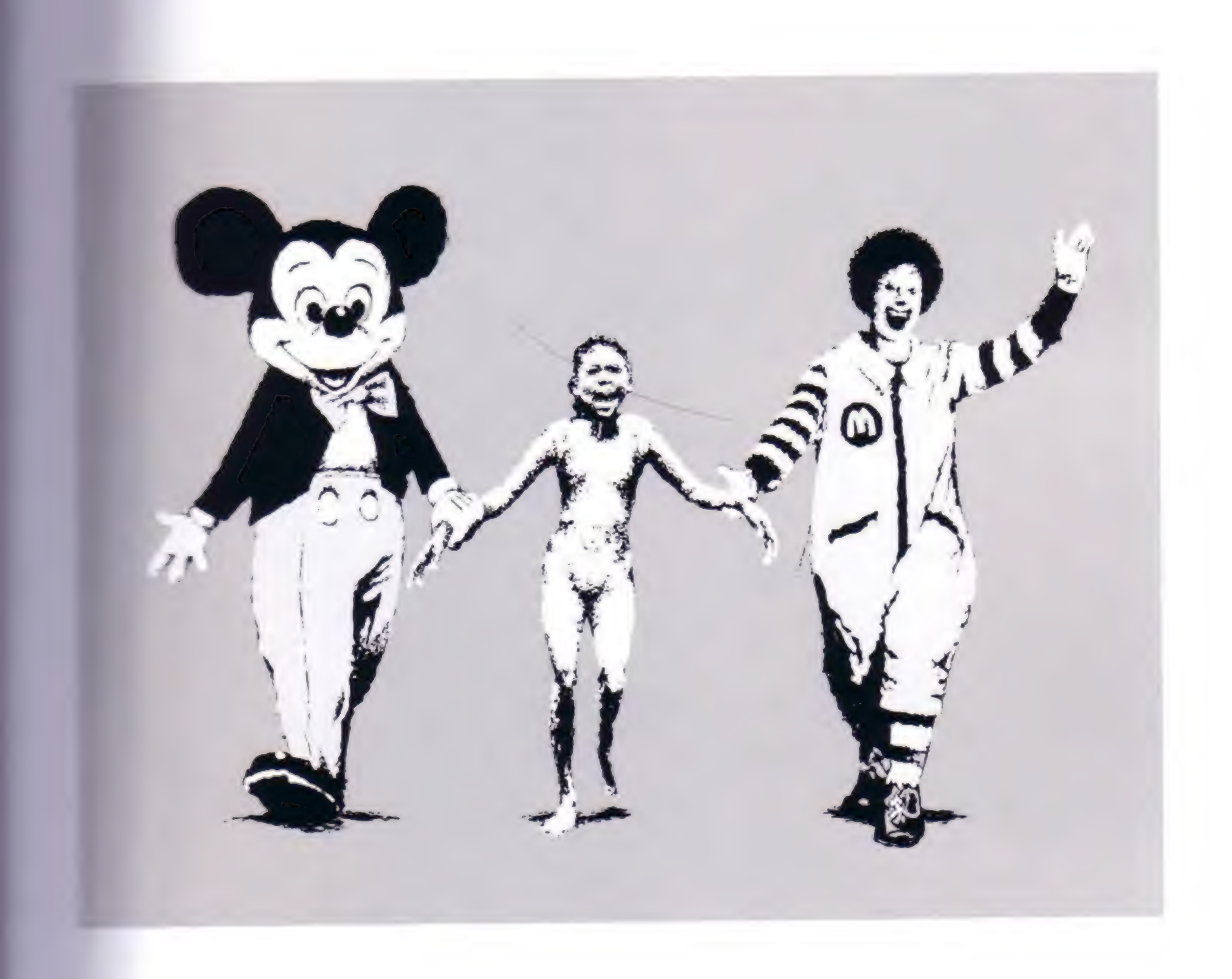
Screw that. Any advert in public space that gives you no choice whether you see it or not is yours. It's yours to take, re-arrange and re-use. You can do whatever you like with it. Asking for permission is like asking to keep a rock someone just threw at your head.

You owe the companies nothing. You especially don't owe them any courtesy. They have re-arranged the world to put themselves in front of you. They never asked for your permission, don't even start asking for theirs.



Poster for Greenpeace campaign against deforestation

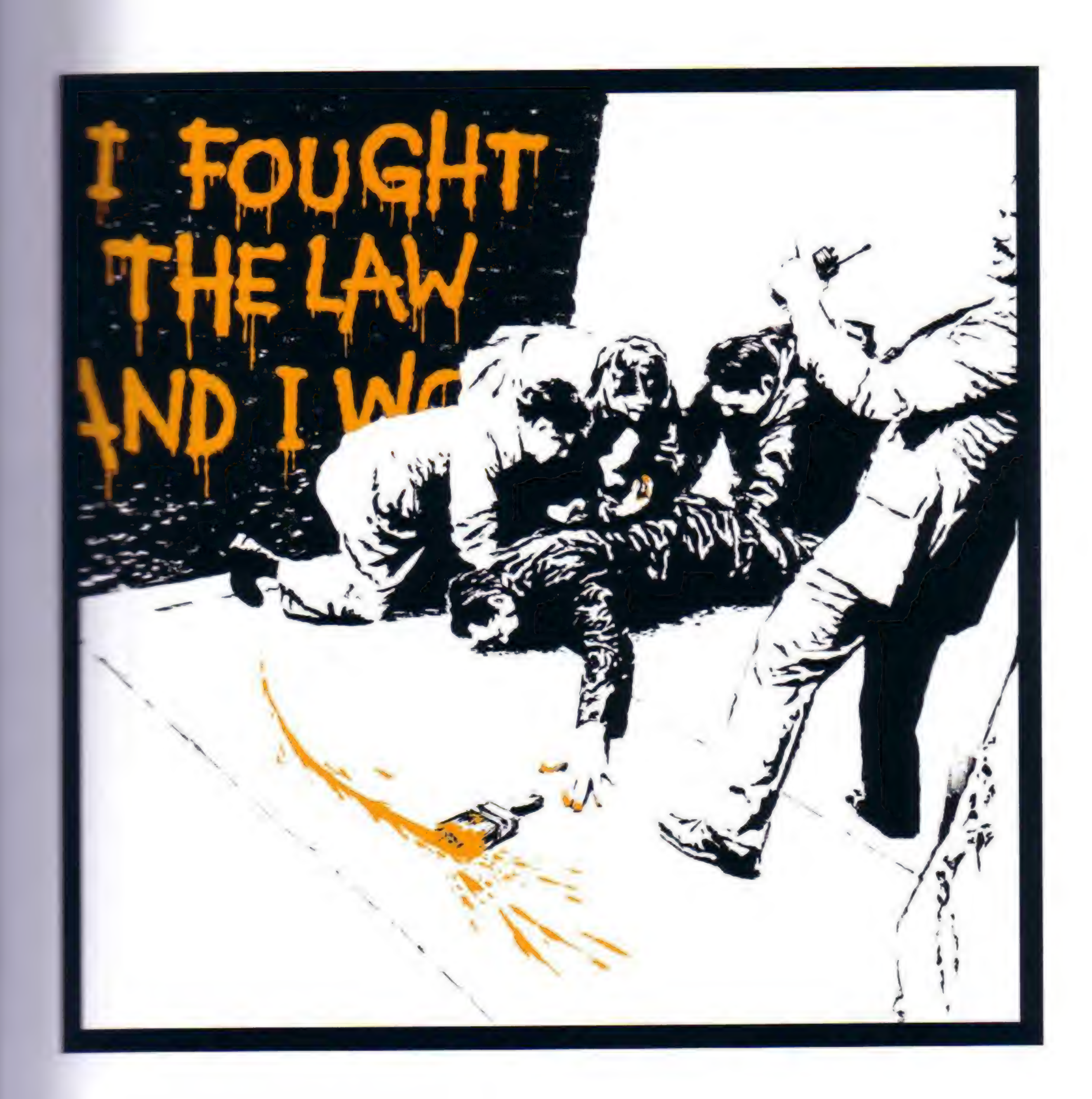

You can't beat the feelin'






You told that joke twice


STOP ME
BEFORE I PAINT
AGAIN


I FOUGHT
THE LAW
AND I WO


GOLF
SALE



We can't do anything to change the world until capitalism crumbles. In the meantime we should all go shopping to console ourselves.







This painting proved too rude for the street and every reach got cleaned off within a few days. All except one on the shutter of a shop that opens until nine o'clock every night.

The only time you see the picture is after the watershed when they close. Which the boss enforces more strictly than any TV executive.

We don't need any more heroes, we just need someone to take out the recycling





A lot of mothers will do anything for their children, except let them be themselves


CORROSIVE



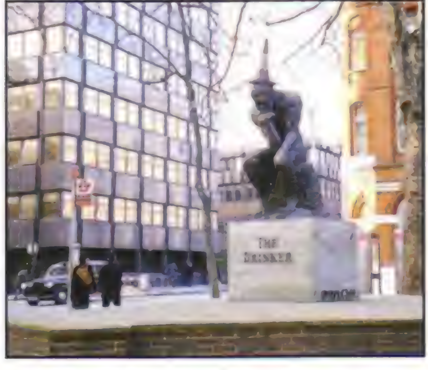
Bomb Middle England
People who get up early in the morning cause war, death and famine

Street Sculpture



If you want someone to be ignored then build a lifesize bronze statue of them and stick it in the middle of town.

It doesn't matter how great you were, it'll always take an unfunny drunk with climbing skills to make people notice you.



Bronze statue with bronze traffic cone



Boudicca with wheel clamp, 2005. Lasted 12 days



Southampton Row, London 2005. Lasted one day

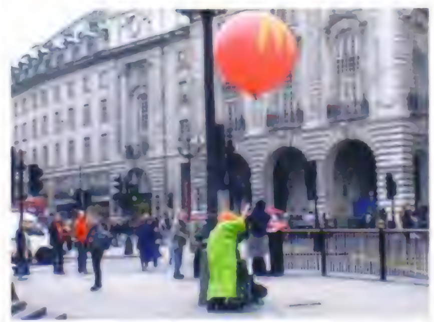


Edgeware Rd. London 2005. Lasted six days



Lillywhites
REDUCED
2300
Lillywhites







McDonalds is stealing our children.

Balloon tethered to lampost with blow-up doll, Picadilly Circus 2004. Lasted nine hours until she lost pressure and was hit by a bus.



After spending months thinking I was clever painting a picture of crows attacking cctv cameras I found real plastic birds in a joke shop for six pounds each.

'I heard they was put there by the police so you look up and a computer can scan your face' a stallholder on Portobello market told me when I was taking photographs.







Shoreditch High Street, lasted 4 weeks. Portobello Road, 6 weeks. Tottenham Court Road, 2 weeks



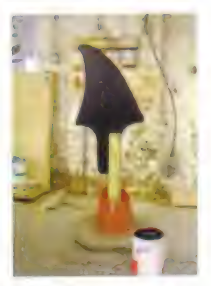
Bathing lake, Hyde Park, London 2005. Lasted 3 weeks



Sign glued into St. James' Park, 2004.
The Metropolitan Police made it look far more realistic by stationing a community support officer on the bridge nearby telling people not to be alarmed. Lasted 22 hours.



Glastonbury Festival, 2005



Victoria Park, London 2005. Lasted 3 months







YOU DONT
HAVE TO BE
AN ILLEGAL
IMMIGRANT
TO WORK
HERE – BUT
IT HELPS

PUT A MENU
THROUGH
THIS
LETTERBOX
AND I WILL
NEVER EAT
YOUR FOOD
AGAIN














POLITE LINE
DO NOT GET CROSS
AMERICANS
WORKING
OVERHEAD
BLIAR
KEEP LEFT
STOP
AUTHORISED
GRAFFITI AREA
Revenue
Protection



Don't believe the type


RONG
WAR

People in glass houses shouldn't throw stones
And people in glass cities shouldn't fire missiles

Anti-war demonstration, London 2003



Modified billboard, Los Angeles 2002


people who enjoy waving flags
don't deserve to have one





Fire extinguisher with pink paint. Southbank, London 2004

Manifesto

Extract from the diary of Lieutenant Colonel Mervin Willett Gonin DSO who was amongst the first British soldiers to arrive at the Nazi death camp Bergen-Belsen. It was liberated in April 1945 close to the end of the second World War.

I can give no adequate discription of the Horror Camp in which my men and myself were to spend the next month of our lives. It was just a barren wilderness, as bare as a chicken run. Corpses lay everywhere, some in huge piles, sometimes they lay singly or in pairs where they had fallen.

It took a little time to get used to seeing men women and childen collapse as you walked by them and to restrain oneself from going to their assistance. One had to get used early to the idea that the individual just did not count. One knew that five hundred a day were dying and that five hundred a day were going on dying for weeks before anything we could do would have the slightest effect. It was, however, not easy to watch a child choking to death from diptheria when you knew a tracheotomy and nursing would save it, one saw women drowning in their own vomit because they were too weak to turn over, and men eating worms as they clutched a half loaf of bread purely because they had had to eat worms to live and now could scarcely tell the difference.

Piles of corpses, naked and obscene, with a woman too weak to stand proping herself against them as she cooked the food we had given her over an open fire; men and women crouching down just anywhere in the open relieving themselves of the dysentary which was scouring their bowels, a woman standing stark naked washing herself with some issue soap in water from a tank in which the remains of a child floated.

It was shortly after the British Red Cross arrived, though it may have no connection, that a very large quantity of lipstick arrived. This was not at all what we men wanted, we were screaming for hundreds and thousands of other things and I don't know who asked for lipstick. I wish so much that I could discover who did it, it was the action of genious, sheer unadulterated brilliance. I believe nothing did more for those internees than the lipstick. Women lay in bed with no sheets and no nightie but with scarlet red lips, you saw them wandering about with nothing but a blanket over their shoulders, but with scarlet red lips. I saw a woman dead on the post mortem table and clutched in her hand was a piece of lipstick. At last someone had done something to make them individuals again, they were someone, no longer merely the number tatooed on the arm. At last they could take an interest in their appearance. That lipstick started to give them back their humanity.

Source: Imperial War museum





Advice on making stencils

- Mindless vandalism can take a bit of thought.
- Nothing in the world is more common than unsuccessful people with talent, leave the house before you find something worth staying in for.
- Think from outside the box, collapse the box and take a fucking sharp knife to it.
- A regular 400ml can of paint will give you up to 50 A4 sized stencils. This means you can become incredibly famous/unpopular in a small town virtually overnight for approximately ten pounds.
- Try to avoid painting in places where they still point at aeroplanes.
- Spray the paint sparingly onto the stencil from a distance of 8 inches.
- When explaining yourself to the Police its worth being as reasonable as possible. Graffiti writers are not real villains. I'm always reminded of this by real villains who consider the idea of breaking in someplace, not stealing anything and then leaving behind a painting of your name in four foot high letters the most retarded thing they ever heard of.
- Be aware that going on a major mission totally drunk out of your head will result in some truly spectacular artwork and at least one night in the cells.
- The easiest way to become invisible is to wear a day-glo vest and carry a tiny transistor radio playing Heart FM very loudly. If questioned about the legitimacy of your painting simply complain about the hourly rate.
- Crime against property is not real crime. People look at an oil painting and admire the use of brushstrokes to convey meaning. People look at a graffiti painting and admire the use of a drainpipe to gain access.
- The time of getting fame for your name on its own is over. Artwork that is only about wanting to be famous will never make you famous. Fame is a by-product of doing something else. You don't go to a restaurant and order a meal because you want to have a shit.

Additional words and inspiration by
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People either love me or they hate me, or they don't really care

"There's no way you're going to get a quote from us to use on your book cover"
Metropolitan Police spokesperson



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